Hit Record by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

Steve's getting close when Billy wraps his arms around Steve's waist, tugging, causing him to tip forward and off of Billy's talented tongue.
"No yet," Billy growls.
"You absolute fucking asshole."
"Mmm, only asshole I see here is yours."

Hit Record

Author's Note:

> Prompt Received: Billy loves rimming Steve, but he wishes he could see his face when he makes all those lovely sounds. Good thing it's 2018 and they make camera phones...
>
> From the lovely Hoppnhorn <3
>
> Unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

Billy groans, a sound that rumbles deep inside his chest as Steve whines and fucks back onto Billy's tongue. Steve's body feels so hot and wet. Billy revels in the way Steve's hole flutters under his assault, the way his own spit runs down his chin, the way Steve's pale, sensitive skin drags against Billy's stubble. Billy draws back, gasping, has to hold Steve's hips still to get a word in.

"Jesus Christ, you sound so fuckin' good when you ride my face," Billy murmurs, thumbs prying Steve's hole open. Steve's toes curl into the mattress, fingers clutching at Billy's muscular thighs where he's bracing himself. "You make the prettiest fuckin' noises. Wish I could see your face. Not that I'm averse to the view," he adds with a chuckle, biting into one of Steve's plush cheeks.

"*God*, shut up. Billy," Steve moans, rolling his hips back until Billy gives, fucks his tongue back inside. Steve mewls as the fat, wet head of his cock drags against Billy's sternum, catching against his necklace. Billy keeps the pace, slurping, wriggling, pulsing against Steve, inside him. Steve's getting close when Billy wraps his arms around Steve's waist, tugging, causing him to tip forward and off of Billy's talented tongue.

"No yet," Billy growls.

"You absolute fucking asshole!"

"Mmm, only asshole I see here is yours."

Steve whines, nips at Billy's hipbone. Billy hisses, cock kicking up against Steve's cheekbone.

"Shit, okay, okay. Just. I want you to do somethin' for me."

"Anything. *Fuck*, anything as long as you make me come."

Billy stretches a hand out towards his nightstand, snatches up his phone and slaps it against Steve's side. Steve sits up enough to grab the proffered phone, turns it over in his hands, brows furrowing as he throws Billy a look over his shoulder.

"Hit record," Billy says, thumbs creeping back towards Steve's hole.

"Billy, I don't know…"

"Just for me, baby. Told you. Wanna see how fuckin' gorgeous you look while I'm eatin' this sweet little hole."

"Fuck," is all Steve manages, fingers scrabbling against the screen in his haste to comply. Billy wastes no time getting back to work, moaning as he licks over Steve's hole with the flat of his tongue before flicking it rapid-fire against the tight ring of muscle and working his way back inside. It's a struggle for Steve, to keep his arm up, to focus on keeping his face in frame when Billy's pulling out all the stops to make him come.

Steve whines again as he grinds himself against Billy's tongue, Billy's stubble deliciously rough against his inner thighs, between his cheeks. Steve feels like he's on fire, blushing and burning up all over as he takes his cock in hand, jerking himself furiously, the fingers of his opposite hand tightening around Billy's phone.

"Billy," Steve gasps. Billy's reply rolls through Steve's body, the vibrations rattling against his skin. "I'm gonna come, *fuck*. Gonna come on your fucking tongue. Billy, I can't, I can't-*ah*!" Steve's body goes taut above Billy as he comes, muscles convulsing, forcing Billy's tongue from his hole as he fucks himself back frantically against Billy's open mouth, thick ropes of come streaking Billy's belly, his twitching cock and thighs.

"Fuck, fuck," Billy growls, squeezing Steve's ass, mouthing at his

fucked out hole, “That’s it. *God*! Got me covered in you, I can feel it.” Steve lurches forward, sucking Billy’s glistening cock into his mouth and down his throat before Billy can bat an eye. Billy grunts, hips fucking up on their own accord, arms wrapping their way back around Steve’s trembling waist as he pants against Steve’s wet hole.

“Steve, *Steve*. Your fuckin’ mouth,” is all Billy manages to grind out before blowing his load. Steve hums as he swallows it down, pulls back with a wet gasp, forehead dropping against Billy’s hip.

Billy sighs, fingers stroking over Steve’s sweaty spine. Steve huffs as he tosses Billy’s phone up and over his shoulder, the screen catching and sticking against the damp expanse of his back. Billy snorts as he takes it in hand, thumb gliding over the screen to unlock it only to reveal that they’re still recording.

“Hey, dickhead. You didn’t press stop.”

“Fuck you,” Steve mumbles, without heat. Billy grins.

“Yeah. I love you, too.”

Stop